

# LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 19.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1825.

## LADIES MUSEUM.

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## Miscellany.

[SELECTED FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.]

### EXPEDIENTS.

*"A cap by night, a stocking all the day."*

POPE.

Mr. Printer—I have the misfortune to be very poor and very vain; but by that happy system of compensation, which equalizes, in every situation, the good and the ill of human life, I happen to be, at the same time, very ingenious. I set out in life with a determination of making a show, and have hitherto succeeded; though there has been a perpetual conflict between my poverty and my invention—like the strife of light and darkness in the mythology of the ancient Persians. I cannot stop to relate all that I did, and suffered, and devised in my youth and early manhood, though I have many ridiculous adventures laid up in my memory. I must even omit the taffety jacket and silk stockings, which I owned in partnership with six other apprentices, and which have many a time done duty on seven distinct bodies, at the same ball—the President of the club, for the time being, always having the privilege of dancing the last voluntary, and gallanting the young ladies home. But I pass by the happy period of youth, when even folly sits graceful, and come at once to the expedients and cares of mature age—to domestic scenes, which will commend themselves at once to every man's business and bosom. I think that is the expression of my Lord Bacon.

Yesterday, Mr. Printer, was a day of difficulty, distress, and triumph. I declare to you, honestly, that I overcame more appalling obstacles than Napoleon encountered in his retreat from Moscow; and I am conscious of no vanity in placing myself above him, in the science of tactics. But you shall hear:

It was determined, in the domestic conclave, some ten days ago, that I should give a dining party, and my wife a *jam*; and to save expense, it was resolved that both should take place the same day. This would prevent the gentlemen from sitting too long at their wine, after dinner, and would also save something of the evening's refreshment—to say nothing

of the eclat of two parties on one day. Yesterday was the appointed day—"big with the fate of Cato and of Rome."

As a preliminary to her party, my wife, who observes all the forms of society, examined her account of calls, and resolved to make a general payment, that she might be in debt to no one, when her invitations should go out. But as many of her acquaintance might possibly not be at home, it was necessary to have a supply of visiting cards, and her pack was nearly exhausted!

*"But though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a saving mind."*

The young children were therefore sent out to visit their play-mates in the families on which she was in the habit of calling, and they were directed to keep an eye on the card-racks, and if they chanced to see one of their mother's cards, they were to exclaim—"O, there is one of mamma's cards, that belongs to me"—and immediately to pocket it. The plan succeeded to admiration; in the course of the week 55 cards were collected by the children, which were all distributed again by their mother, in the course of a few hours.

Having no man-servant in my family, and being going to hire a messenger, I slipped on my coat, put on my wife's Leghorn flat, without the ribbons, and sallied forth in the dark, to deliver our invitations in person. I believe I escaped without detection; though one gentleman, [he dined with me yesterday,] while I was standing at his door, requested me to get him a bucket of water, and then, with a queer look, put a fourpence-halfpenny in my hand; it was all clear gain, every wise man knows the value of fourpence-halfpenny.

On the great day, our drawing-room was decorated with the spoils of all the chambers. Our best bed-curtains were very adroitly twisted into hangings for the windows; while six chairs tied together, and covered with pillows, and enveloped in a large counterpane, made an excellent sofa. The coverlet of the infant's crib, with my little daughter's sampler pinned on the centre, was called, for the day, a hearth rug. A pile of old books and papers on the mantle served at once to display my love of literature, and to apologize for the want of more appropriate ornaments. The genius of my wife never appeared more triumphant than in the proper disposition of lights and shadows on this important occasion. Everything was in keeping, as the painters say; and though the room was somewhat dark, it looked rich and mellow, like an old picture.

The dining parlor was somewhat more difficult to manage. It took two-thirds of my counter to make a dining table; and my counting-room desk, though rubbed with wax, and placed in a corner, a little out of sight, made but a sorry side-board. But then the closet door was left on a jar, and my grand-mother's pewter dishes, and two or three milk-measures, well

rubbed, made rather a splendid show of family plate, of which we did not fail to talk during dinner. We borrowed chairs enough from our neighbors, under pretence of having a funeral, for a cousin of one of our domestics, who had just died of the yellow fever. This report in the neighborhood kept away importunate visitors. My eldest son blacked his face a little, and attended at the table, and performed his part very well. The guests were told that he had been to college. I was, however, a little disconcerted by my second daughter, who, thoughtlessly, called him "Brother," as he was pouring out a glass of water for her; but I turned it off well enough, by remarking, that if it were not for the difference of complexion, there might be some likeness between them. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and I did not observe that any of the guests took notice of the unlucky expression. At least they said nothing.

As I reserved my shirt for the evening party, I buttoned up my coat, and tied a black handkerchief round my neck, and endeavored to look as fierce as a Turk. A blessing on those black handkerchiefs; they save an infinite number of shirts. My eldest daughter, who prides herself on her fine shape, and who usually dresses herself to the size of an Alderman's thumb, unluckily strained her garments too much, and, while the company was assembling, burst out on either side just under the arm. Here was distress indeed; it was her only gown. But let no man despair. Genius will conquer Fortune. After examining it a few minutes, my wife directed her to place her arms close to her side, in parallel lines—to sit upright—and to complain of dyspepsia. This manoeuvre had the desired effect; nothing at table could tempt her to eat, or even to raise her hand to her lips. "She sat like patience on a monument," and never moved her elbows till half past twelve at night.

But the dinner, Mr. Printer—I despair of doing it justice. My wife is an excellent cook, and can set at fault the most discriminating palate. The soup was excellent; and, as well as I could learn, was composed of sorrel, burdock, egg-shells, and chickens' feet—seasoned with mint and garlick from the garden. I verily believe the whole cost of two turkeys of it, exclusive of fuel, did not exceed a cent and a half. But I will not attempt to describe the particulars of the feast. There are mysteries in cookery which, like the Roman Bona Dea, none but females are permitted to know. I shrewdly suspect, however, that all the wild meats were hunted on our own territory. We had a raccoon pie, which my wife and daughters recommended with great zeal to the company, but did not taste themselves. I have not seen our yellow cat these three days. And then the pastry of grey squirrels; I caught two large wharf rats in a trap last Thursday, and Heaven knows they were grey enough.

I felt most anxious about my wine. I had no de-



canters, and therefore covered my table with black bottles. But I took care to envelop the bottles with a little soot and cob-web, which passed very well for the collection of twenty years; and I had sifted the sweepings of all the grocers' shops for decayed corks, which corroborated the story well enough.—As to the liquor itself, not one of the company professed to know precisely of what vineyard or vintage it was the product; but as I assured them it was very old, they agreed, pretty unanimously, that it was rare wine, but had lost a little of its flavor.

I have no time for further particulars at present, or to give you an account of the evening party. But the grand fact which I wish to communicate, is this—that I have given a sumptuous dinner to twenty gentlemen, and my wife has had a splendid party of one hundred ladies, all which, through our good management, cost only three dollars twenty-seven cents and a half.

Yours,

JOSIAH FROGNALL.

#### MARY AND HENRY.

The recollection of past occurrences is an employment highly instructive and entertaining. The old proverb, that "experience is our best school-master," is a maxim as true as it is precise. The mariner, when he leaves his native shore, and sails to other climes, would not trust his weak vessel with so little concern to the foaming billows of the ocean, if he had not learned, from the experience of others, to shun the shoals and quick-sands on which they were foundered. So it is in the moral world. Whenever I behold one of my fellow-men betraying, in his manner, the marks of sorrow and disappointment; when I see the mournful look; the pale, wan countenance; when I hear the deep-drawn sigh, and discover, now and then, a silent tear stealing down his woe-worn cheek, I cannot help secretly wishing to become acquainted with his private history, and thus endeavor to learn wisdom from his misfortunes. But what is beneficial to me may not be uninteresting to others: and it is with this view, that I, for a moment, invite the reader's attention.

Secluded from the cares and troubles of the busy world, lived Mary, the delight of her father, (for she had lost her mother at an early age,) and the subject of approbation among all who knew her. I had been familiarly acquainted with her from her childhood.—At that age, before reason assumed its seat, and shed its benign influence over her conduct, she manifested a disposition so tender and peaceful, that it was impossible not to be agreeably entertained with her playfulness. She was the only child of my uncle.—He beheld, with a kind of rapturous joy, the gradual enlargement of her faculties. He looked forward to the day when he should behold her the pride and ornament of her sex; and contemplated, with a secret pleasure, which none but a parent's heart can feel, that she would be the sweet consoler of his declining years. He imagined, that under every misfortune, her presence would be an alleviation; that even death would lose much of its bitterness, if her life could be spared to smooth his lonely pillow, and watch, in silent agony, the last breath of a dying parent.

Time rolled swiftly away, and Mary soon found

herself arrived at the age of eighteen. She now became the admiration of all her acquaintance. She possessed a disposition as benevolent as it was virtuous. Nourished in the lap of plenty, and surrounded by wealth and affluence, she had never felt the miseries of poverty. But the poor were no less the objects of her compassion. It was to her a pleasing employment to supply the wants of the indigent, to snatch the starving infant from the jaws of death, to extend charity to the sick man's door, and, finally, to bestow her benevolence on all who needed it. No pains were spared by her father in giving her a polite education. She had always possessed a heart that was alive to every tender sentiment; but now that her taste was refined, her sensibility became more acute, and she drew sources of pleasure from the beauties of nature, which she had never before experienced. The coldest philanthropist, while contemplating her loveliness, her good sense, her benevolence, and elegant attainments, would have been ready to ask, what storm of adversity could arise and rage with such resistless violence, as to blast, forever, a flower so fair and blooming.

It was at this period of her life that she came to visit my father. She remained with us a part of a year; during which time I was happy to discover that an agreeable attachment was forming between her and one of my most intimate friends. Henry was a man of superior talents. Nature had given him a noble and generous heart, a mind well cultivated, and a disposition capable of sympathising in all the miseries of the wretched, or of kindling into proper resentment at the injuries of others. It can no longer be a question why two persons, so nearly alike in their dispositions, should feel an attachment to each other.

My business now called me from home, and I obeyed the summons with regret. I was interested in their union, and could not leave them without expressing a wish that my hopes would soon be realized.

After an absence of six long years, in which I visited most of the ports in the eastern continent, I returned to my native country. To a weary traveller, who has long been ploughing the trackless ocean, who has endured almost every hardship, and suffered many privations, both by sea and land, the consciousness that he is again treading upon his dear native soil, imparts new energy to his fainting spirits.

It was on a fine summer's evening, in the month of May, that I once more set my feet upon the peaceful shores of America. I began to picture to myself the situation of my friends and relations. Many of them, I imagined, had forgotten me; others, perhaps, had removed from the places where they formerly lived; and some, beyond a doubt, had left this lower world, and gone to inhabit a brighter and a happier region.

While I was deeply engaged in these reflections, the soft and swelling sounds of a harp gently stole upon my ears from a neighboring dwelling. I started, and looked around to determine where I was. I had unconsciously wandered from the path, and was just entering a thick grove of tall pines. As the only means of learning the most direct way to my own habitation, I determined to call at the house from

whence I still heard the music. In a few moments I arrived at the spot. It was a large brick edifice, surrounded by trees of various kinds, whose summits towered aloft as if proud of their own superiority.—The dim rays of the moon, that was just rising in the horizon, displayed a richness and beauty about the habitation, which can only be conceived by those who are acquainted with such scenes. Before it, lay a wide and spacious green, with here and there a fruit tree, whose blossoms shed an odor around that rendered the place still more enchanting. I entered the avenue of myrtles that grew on either side the walk, and coming up to the door knocked for admittance. A servant appeared, and desired to know my business. Before I had time to answer his enquiry, the old man interrupted me by asking if my name was not Primrose; I replied that it was.—"Then, (said he,) be so good as to walk into that room. O, how glad my mistress will be to see you." I could not imagine why the servant should be so anxious for me to visit his lady, and followed him with a great degree of reluctance. Before we came to her apartment, the same harp that a few moments before had roused me from my reverie, again sounded its mournful ditties. The servant privately opened the door, and then withdrew, leaving me to gaze at the stranger. But how great was my astonishment when I beheld my cousin Mary, sitting solitary and alone; and, as I concluded, was endeavoring to pass away a few fleeting moments in playing for her own amusement. The words were these:

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,  
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?  
Too fast have those young days faded,  
That even in sorrow were sweet!

Does time, with his cold wings, wither  
Each feeling that once was dear?  
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,  
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has hope, like the bird in the story,  
That flitted from tree to tree,  
With talisman's glittering glory—  
Has hope been that bird to thee?

On branch after branch alighting;  
The gem did she still display,  
And when nearest and most inviting,  
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the unkind world wither  
Each feeling that once was dear;  
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,  
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear."

Amazement chained me to the spot! I stood in silent wonder, gazing at her emaciated form! O, how changed, thought I, is that dear girl from the appearance she once exhibited. The dulness of her movements, her death-like countenance, and the big tears that dropped from under her dark eye-lashes, spoke volumes to my bewildered senses, and told me that killing pangs of grief and sorrow were ranking at her heart. And can it be, that she, who was once all sprightliness and attention, who could enliven the pleasant circle with her cheerfulness, and cause even the saddest hours to pass away in gaiety, is it possible—

that she is so soon unhappy! It was a fact to which my wet eyes bore testimony; and with a beating heart I hastened to embrace my dear cousin. She, at that time, could only answer my enquiries with tears.

Reader, wouldst thou know the cause of this wretchedness? It was disappointed love! Soon after I had departed for Europe, Mary returned home; but not without a kind of secret regret, for which she could hardly account. As soon as the intimacy between her and Henry was discovered by her father, that tender, that obliging parent flew into a sudden passion, and threatened to banish her from his house if she should ever again permit him to come into her presence. He immediately conceived an aversion to him, because he was so unfortunate as to be *poor*. And to show that he was firm in his resolution, he compelled his darling child, his only daughter, to marry a gentleman of fortune, that the *honor* of his house, (as he considered it,) might be maintained.

Ah, thought I, when she had finished her story, you are not the only victim of avarice and covetousness. Such ungenerous treatment has broken many a fond heart, and left the unkind parent to mourn over injured innocence. How often has the frost of disappointment nipped the fairest flower in the morning of its growth, and left it to droop, to wither, and die, under the rude blasts of the contentious elements.

## OBSERVATOR HOMINUM.

## CANDID STATEMENTS.

An equality of condition between persons about to form matrimonial alliances is often thought to lay a surer foundation for domestic comfort than those diversities either in fortune or acquirements, which seem to place the parties in contrast with each other. It is probable that this idea was present to the mind of both Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Potter, whom he afterwards married. At one of their interviews during courtship, the Doctor told her "that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that he had an uncle that was hanged;" to which, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, she replied, "that she had no more money than he, and that tho' no relation of hers had been hanged, she had *fifty* who deserved hanging!"

## IRISH LOGIC.

A nobleman of the "fast anchored isle," once advertised for an English servant. Pat, hearing of this, applied for the situation. On being questioned of what he was, he replied, "an Englishman, to be sure." And where was you born? "In Dublin, surely," said Pat. Born in Dublin, replied the nobleman, and an Englishman, how can that be? "Why, please your honor, (said Pat,) spose a man is born in a stable, is that any reason he should be a horse?"

## SOUND REASONING.

A gentleman asked a country Clergyman for the use of his Pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know, (said the Clergyman,) how to refuse you, but if the young man should preach bet-

ter than me, my congregation will be dissatisfied with me afterwards; and if he should preach *worse*, I don't think he's fit to preach at all.



## POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

## LINES,

*Addressed to a young Lady, on hearing her sing.*

LOUISA—I love to hear  
The sound of thy celestial voice;  
Warbling sweet in numbers clear,  
It captivates the listening ear  
And makes the heart rejoice.

When sorrow keen, or anxious care,  
O'erwhelms the aching heart,  
From thy lips one merry air  
Th' exhausted spirits can repair,  
And cheerfulness impart.

Or when the spirits rise so high,  
And transcend calm reason's sphere,  
Thy voice, in melting melody,  
Can mirth suppress, and fill the eye  
With soft affection's tear.

Or, when in solemn strains and slow  
You chant the praise of God most high:  
Our hearts with warm devotion glow:  
Our spirits rise from things below,  
And soar above the sky.

May kind Heaven prolong your days,  
Your friends to comfort, charm and cheer,  
Till, call'd to chant your Maker's praise,  
'Mid heavenly choirs in those blest lays  
You sung so sweetly here!

J. S.

*Sunday evening, October 20, 1825.*

## TO JULIA ———.

Stay, Julia, stay, one moment more,  
We must not part, enchantress, yet;  
Although I wish that moment o'er,  
Which, past, I never shall forget:

For, *parting*, like the Ivy's leaf,  
Will ever keep in mem'ry green;  
When lost to view each other grief,  
This deepest woe shall still be seen.

Then flow, ye tears, 'tis meet I mourn,  
When hearts so warm, so full as mine,  
By fate, are thus, dear Julia, torn,  
From one so pure, so good as *thine*.

One moment more, to press that hand,  
'Tis glowing with thy warmth of heart;  
Long may that heart with joy expand,  
And long its cheering warmth impart.

Though *other* arms may thee caress,  
When thou in other climes shalt be;  
And *other* hands may fondly press  
That hand so warmly press'd by *me*:

Yet still this thought must e'er arise,  
Of many hands I've prest in mine;  
'Twas *this* alone that I could prize,  
None felt so dear to *me* as *thine*.

But go not yet—oh! do not go,  
I ask but one, *one* parting kiss;  
For it is meet my night of woe  
Should gloom upon a day of bliss:

For thus the dark'ning shades come on,  
And seem to kiss the fleeting light;  
And thus I kiss—departing one—  
These lips, that leave me as the night.

Ah! long that night is doom'd to be,  
And not a ray of peace to shine;  
No other sun I know but *thee*,  
No other lips are sweet as *thine*.

Oh! shall I ask that yet you'll stay?  
*One moment*, let me view that face;  
And ere you go, dear Julia, may  
I take a last, *last* warm embrace.

'Tis thus I on your bosom fall,  
And breast to breast the last we meet;  
Shall parting thoughts these moments pall,  
That bliss like this should render sweet?

'This bursting heart, alas! can tell,  
Whilst your soft bosom presses mine;  
At every beating pulse's swell,  
I feel I could expire on *thine*.

Then—fare-thee-well—a *last* farewell,  
May Heaven kindly be your guide;  
Blow soft, ye winds, nor ocean swell,  
While Julia's borne upon thy tide.

The sun may set, again to rise—  
We part—to meet?—ah! no, 'tis vain  
To hope that ere these longing eyes  
Will, on thee, Julia, look again!

For soon, too soon, these eyes must close,  
And stiff must be these hands of mine;  
And cold, ah! cold, this breast that glows  
With its last spark—while pressing *thine*.

THE STRANGER.

## THE PROTEST,

*Which every intemperate man ought to make and adhere to.*

I protest that no more I'll get drunk:  
'Tis the curse and the plague of my life,  
It ruins my credit, my health and my purse,  
My peace and my comfort, and what is still worse,  
It vexes and angers my wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk:  
It torments and embitters my life;  
To ruin 'twould hurry its vot'ry headlong,  
And reason declares that I'm quite in the wrong,  
And so do the tears of my wife.



I protest that no more I'll get drunk,  
Nor lead such a vagabond life ;  
Its attendants are poverty, shame and disgrace ;  
Disease and despair stare me hard in the face,  
And so does my heart-broken wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk :  
'Tis the spring of all mischiefs in life :  
'Tis the source of contentions—of evils the worst :  
'Tis the box of Pandora—a demon accurst !  
No wonder loud chides my poor wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk,  
Since I find it the bane of my life ;  
Henceforth I'll be watchful that nought shall annoy  
That comfort and peace I so well might enjoy  
In my children—my home—and my wife.

☞ The following beautiful stanzas are copied from the Pensacola Floridian. The first is from the pen of R. H. Wilde, Esq. of Georgia, and the second is said to be by a Lady of Baltimore. This will make its way to every heart :

## STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But, ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scatter'd on the ground to die :  
Yet on the rose's humble bed,  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see ;  
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;  
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,  
Restless, and soon to pass away :  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tempe's desert strand ;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand :  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea,  
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

## ANSWER.

The dews of night may fall from heaven  
Upon the wither'd rose's bed,  
And tears of fond regret be given,  
To mourn the virtues of the dead :  
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,  
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,  
Affection's pangs be lull'd to sleep,  
And even love forget to weep.

The tree may mourn its fallen leaf,  
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,  
And friends may heave the sigh of grief  
O'er those who sleep within the tomb :  
Yet soon will spring renew the flowers,  
And time will bring more smiling hours ;  
In friendship's heart all grief will die,  
And even love forget to sigh.

The sea may on the desert shore  
Lament each trace it tears away,  
The lonely heart its grief may pour  
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay :  
Yet, when all trace is lost and gone,  
The waves dance bright and gaily on ;  
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,  
And even love forgets to mourn.

## LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1825.

## PRESENCE OF MIND.

A few evenings since, a young Lady of Doylestown, (Penn.) while engaged with several candles in a room, suddenly found the whole of her light muslin frock enveloped in flames, which were rapidly ascending to her ruffles. With admirable presence of mind she rolled the burning garments into a body in her hands, which were considerably injured, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames without giving the least alarm. A moments delay might have been fatal.

## SHAMEFUL.

The Philadelphia Gazette gives an account of a transaction as disgraceful to the perpetrators as it was disastrous to the sufferers, which took place in that city on the evening of Sunday week, at the African church.

Just as the Preacher for the evening was concluding his discourse, several young, well-dressed white men presented themselves at the door, with segars in their mouths, and demanded admission. This was refused till they threw away their segars, when they entered, swearing "vengeance against the negroes," and, proceeding to the lower stove on the men's side of the house, threw in a quantity of salt mixed with Cayenne pepper—they then retired.

Immediately afterwards a disagreeable smell was perceived, which was quickly followed by a difficulty of breathing. The most violent sneezing and coughing was heard in every part of the house, and the dread of strangulation became general. The cry of fire was raised, and the assembled multitude, amounting in all, it is said, to more than a thousand, rushed towards the different doors and windows, overturning the benches, and trampling under feet those persons who were so unfortunate as to fall.

The scene is more easily conceived than described. The confusion lasted for many minutes, and the agonizing screams of the sufferers drew the people together from a considerable distance.

One woman was taken from under a pile of bodies, and died immediately afterwards. Another, it is stated, died the next morning. Several others were severely wounded, and many slightly injured.

The nature of the composition used by the young men was discovered from a paper containing a parcel of it which one of them dropped on the floor.—The poor colored people think that if the windows and doors had not been opened immediately, the whole congregation would have been strangled.

## FECUNDITY.

Mr. John Claig, of Woodstock, (Va.) aged sixty-nine, and his wife, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, have lately, (like Abraham and Sarah of old,) been blessed with a child to support them in the wane of life.



## MARRIED.

In this town, on Monday evening, by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Charles P. Shelton, of Boston, Mass. to Miss Mary Rutenbur, of this town.

On Wednesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Edes, Mr. Benjamin T. Foster, of this town, to Miss Zeolide W. Brown, of Wrentham, Mass.

Same evening, by Rev. Mr. Edes, Mr. Calvin W. Howe, of N. Y. to Miss Charlotte Atwell, daughter of the late Col. Amos Atwell.

On the 23d ult. by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lawton Cady, of Warwick, to Miss Louisa B. Hill, of this town.

In Preston, Con. on the 20th ult. by Rev. Zelotes Fuller, Mr. Nathan Ingraham, to Miss Louis Sharp. Also in the city of Norwich, on the 22d inst. Mr. Elias Burdick, to Miss Eliza Wilcox.



## DIED.

In this town, on the 20th ultimo, Mrs. Rebecca Luther, wife of Mr. Thomas Luther, aged 64.

On the 19th ultimo, Sarah, daughter of Mr. Eldridge Dix, aged 3 years.

On Friday week, Mr. Daniel Teft, in the 93d year of his age.

Same evening, Miss Betsey Arnold, in the 65th year of her age.

On Sunday night last, Mrs. Almira Dennis, wife of Capt. Joseph L. Dennis, in the 29th year of her age.

On Monday evening last, Nicholas Easton, Esq. aged 73 years.

On Tuesday last, Mr. John Brewer, in the 49th year of his age. He was distinguished as a man of strict honesty and integrity.

Same day, Miss Hannah F. Sweet, daughter of Mr. Benajah Sweet, in the 35th year of her age.

On Wednesday last, Charles William, son of Mr. Joseph Low, aged 3 years and 7 months.

In Bristol, on the 28th ult. Julia Bourne, youngest child of Gen. George D'Wolf, aged 1 year.

In Warren, on Monday last, by Rev. Mr. Welsh, Lieut. Joel Abbott, of the United States' Navy, to Miss Laura Wheaton, daughter of the late Charles Wheaton, Esq. of that place.

In Smithfield, on Monday last, Mrs. Hannah Jenks, aged 92.

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